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FROM

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THE CHILDREN'S

FIRST READER

BY

ELLEN M. CYR

AUTHOR OF THE CHILDREN'S PRIMER, ETC.

BOSTON, U.S.A.
GINN & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
1894

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TO

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

Marie, Marguerite,

AND

Jacqueline.

TO THE TEACHERS.

"We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb."

If the course of study in many cities be examined, it will be found that the program in reading for the first year of school is the first half of such books as are provided.

What is the significance of this? That the larger share of the first-year books are too difficult to be completed by the class, and therefore a part of the book is left unread.

The first half of the book can be mastered, but the children are overwhelmed by the flood of words which are introduced in the second half, and must sink back to the uninteresting beginning of another book where, when they have once more reached a point where reading seems to hold some pleasure and profit, they are again defeated by the too numerous words, and must begin the routine anew.

What are the consequences of scaling these different ladders, only to be cast back again to the foot when a prospect begins to dawn upon the view, and the toilsome rounds of the ladder cease to fill the eye and mind? Lack of interest and expression, loss of time. A child at the end of four or five months' work has gained in mental power. He is able to learn new words more readily, he can grasp the meaning of a sentence with less effort, and he is certainly able to go on as rapidly as when he first began to read.

This is realized by those who write the first readers; but they lose sight of the other fact that he is still but a beginner, and must retain what he has learned as well as acquire the new words, and so the vocabulary is introduced too rapidly for the struggling brain.

We primary teachers have not had proper tools. Like the Israelites of old we have been forced to make our bricks without straw, and it is due to the supplementary work upon blackboard and paper that the work in reading has had its success.

In this series, it has been my purpose to have a complete primary course, — a set of reading slips, which may be used again and again, a Primer, and the First Reader.

I have aimed to make the simple stories such as will interest the children and help them to a love of each other and of Nature, and to catch some glimpse of God's love, which underlies it all. I believe this the true preparation for scientific and natural history work which can be introduced very early.

Children do appreciate much that is beyond them; and, with this in mind, I have suggested from time to time some poem to be read to the class, hoping that the simple little story preceding it may have led them into the spirit to receive it.

Very sincerely yours,

ELLEN M. CYR.

THE

CHILDREN'S FIRST READER.

Săturdāy bēfore brīght yēars

Good morning, little Elsie!

Where are you going this bright morning?

Good morning, Grandpa. I am going to see Grace.

Why aren't you going to school?

Why, Grandpa! It is Saturday.

We have no school on Saturday.

Didn't you know that before?

Grace and I are going to play house.

Have you seen my new doll before?

No, I don't think I have.

Did Mamma give you that doll?

Yes, she gave it to me on my birthday.

You know that I am six years old now.

Where is your dollie's cap?

She hasn't any cap, Grandpa.

Your poor doll will take cold.

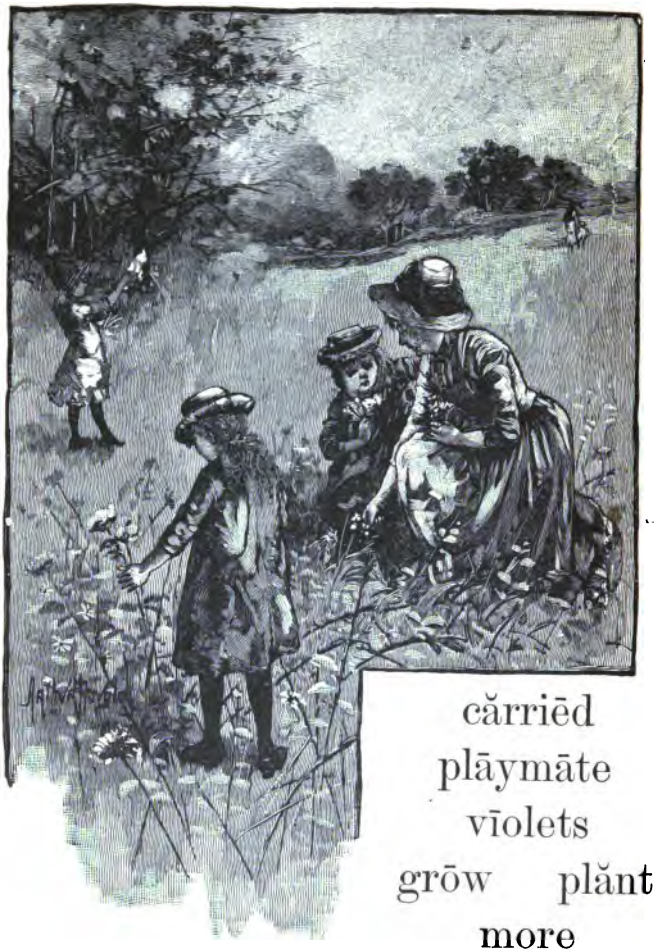
Ask Grandma to make one for her.

I know that she will.

cărriāge	dŭst-păn	fall
blōw	pīpe	bŭbbles

See my doll's funny carriage.
I am at Grandpa's house.

He hasn't any little girls now.
Mamma was his little girl.
I brought my dolls with me.
I couldn't bring my doll carriage.
Mamma said it was too big.
Grandma looked for a carriage for me.
She said that the dust-pan would do.
I think it is a funny carriage.
Don't fall off, my little dolls!
You couldn't fall very far.
We are going to see Gracie.
See! she is looking for me.
We are going to blow bubbles.
Do you see my pipe?
I put it on the dust-pan.
We shall have a good time.
Gracie has a pipe too.
I love to blow bubbles.
They are so pretty.



cărriēd
plāymāte
vīolets
grōw plănt
more

Mamma took us to the woods last Saturday.

We carried our lunch in a big basket.
We had a long ride in the horse-cars.
Then we came to such a pretty wood.
Annie couldn't come with us. She is sick.
She can't go anywhere now.
Annie is my playmate.
We found some pretty violets.
There were some other flowers, too.
I liked the violets the best.
I found such a pretty violet plant.
It had eight violets on it.
I said that I wished Annie could see it.
"So she shall," said Mamma.
"You may take it home to her."
She got a knife from the basket.
She took the plant up with the knife.
I carried it home to Annie.
She was so glad to have it.

Bŏbōlĭnk

buĭld

gōlden rŏd

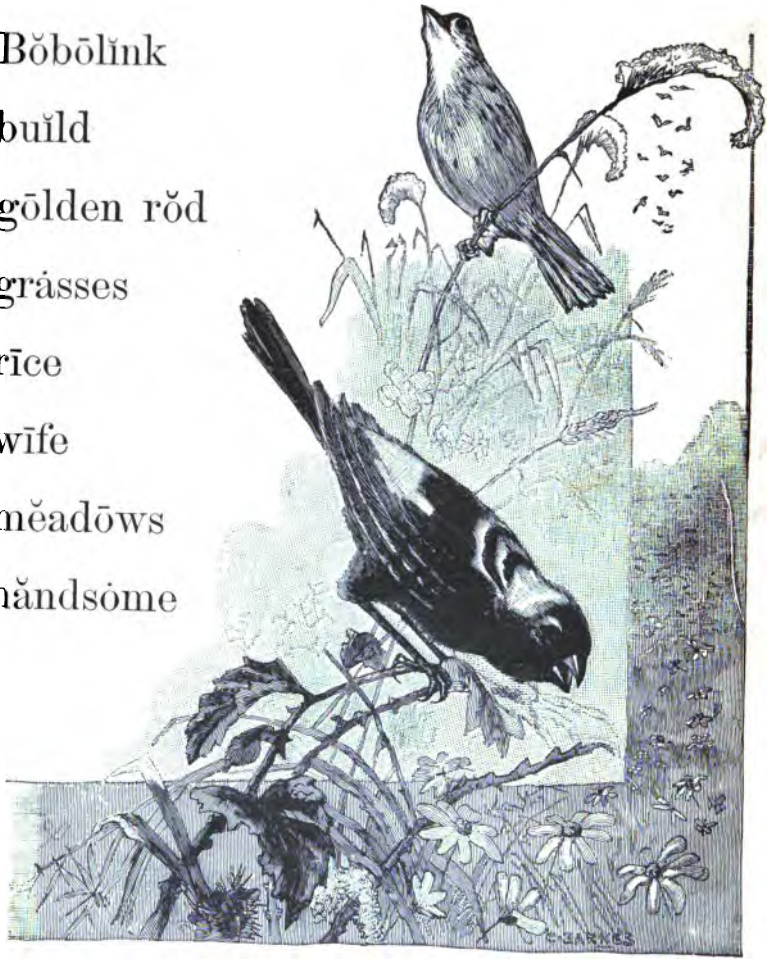
grȧsses

rīce

wīfe

mĕadōws

hăndsȯme



I am a Bobolink.
I build my nest in the meadows.

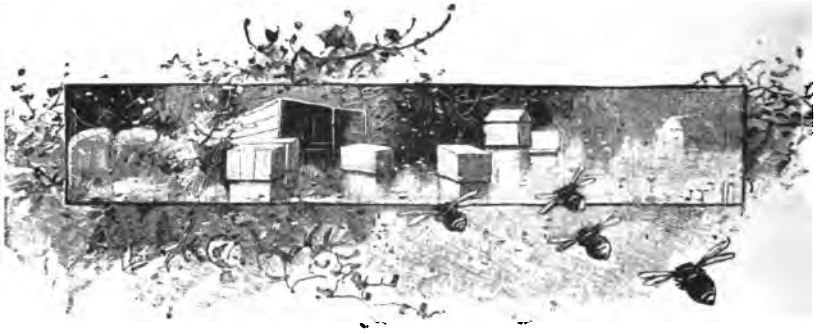
See my handsome coat.
It is black and white.
Do you see my little wife?
Her dress is brown.
I love the daisies and grasses.
I swing on the golden rod and bushes.
I am so happy and gay.
In the Winter I go south.
I fly to the rice-fields.
I eat all the rice I can.
They call me the Rice-bird.
They do not like me very well.
I think the rice grows for me.
I catch bugs and flies and worms.
I think I should have some rice too.
Bobolink! Bobolink! This is my song.
Look for me in the meadows.

Read Bryant's "Robert of Lincoln" to the class.

dŏnkey thĭstles grew căt-tāils
stōnes ạcrŏss brŏŏk

We have been to the woods.
Do you see all our flowers?
How do you like our donkey?
His name is Ned.
Ned has some flowers too.

See how pretty he looks.
He is a funny old donkey.
He likes to eat thistles.
We found such a pretty brook.
The cat-tails grew near it.
There were some little fishes in it.
We went across it on the stones.
We had our lunch near the brook.
We played hide-and-seek in the woods.
Such fun as we had!
Our donkey had his lunch in the field.
He had all the thistles and grass he could eat.
Frank made a swing for us.
He put it on a big nut-tree.
We are going for nuts when they are ripe.
Wouldn't you like to be with us?



bēēs hīves hȯney gă̈ther
stĭng watch

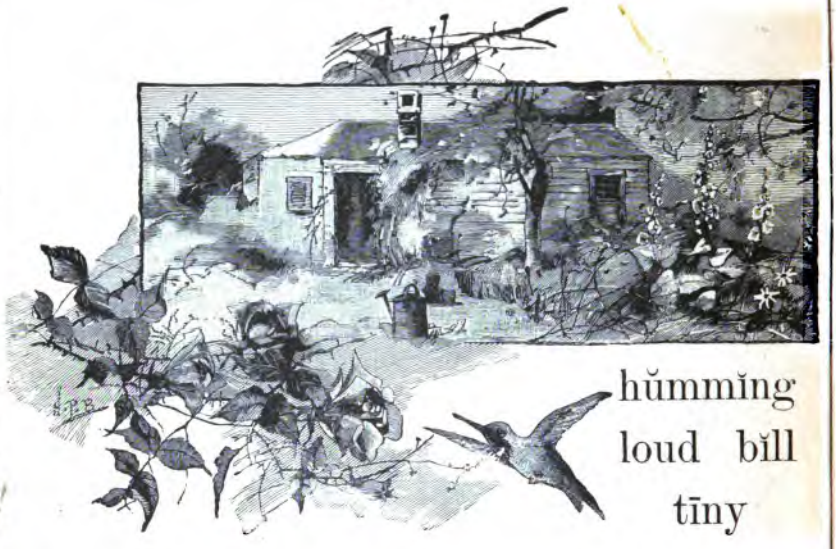
Just look at these bees!
See them fly to their hives.
They gather honey from the flowers.
They put it ịnto their hives.
Minnie loves to watch the bees.
She loves to see them gather honey.
They do not sting her.
She loves to help them.
Minnie picks a sweet flower.
She takes it to a bee.

The bee flies upon her flower.
It does not sting her.
Minnie watches the bee gather honey.
She wishes to see how it does it.
These are honey bees.

---

dŭst pŏllen wăx yĕllōw

A bee comes from an egg.
At first it is a little worm.
The bees feed it with pollen.
They gather pollen from the flowers.
It looks like yellow dust.
They feed the worm for five days.
Then it seems to go to sleep.
The bees cover it with wax.
By and by it wakes up.
It comes out of its wax bed.
It is a little baby bee.



hŭmmĭng
loud bĭll
tīny

Marion was playing in the garden one day.
She heard a loud humming.
It was too loud for a bee.
It was a little humming-bird.
Marion stood still to watch it.
How beautiful its feathers were!
How fast its little wings went!
It had a very long bill.

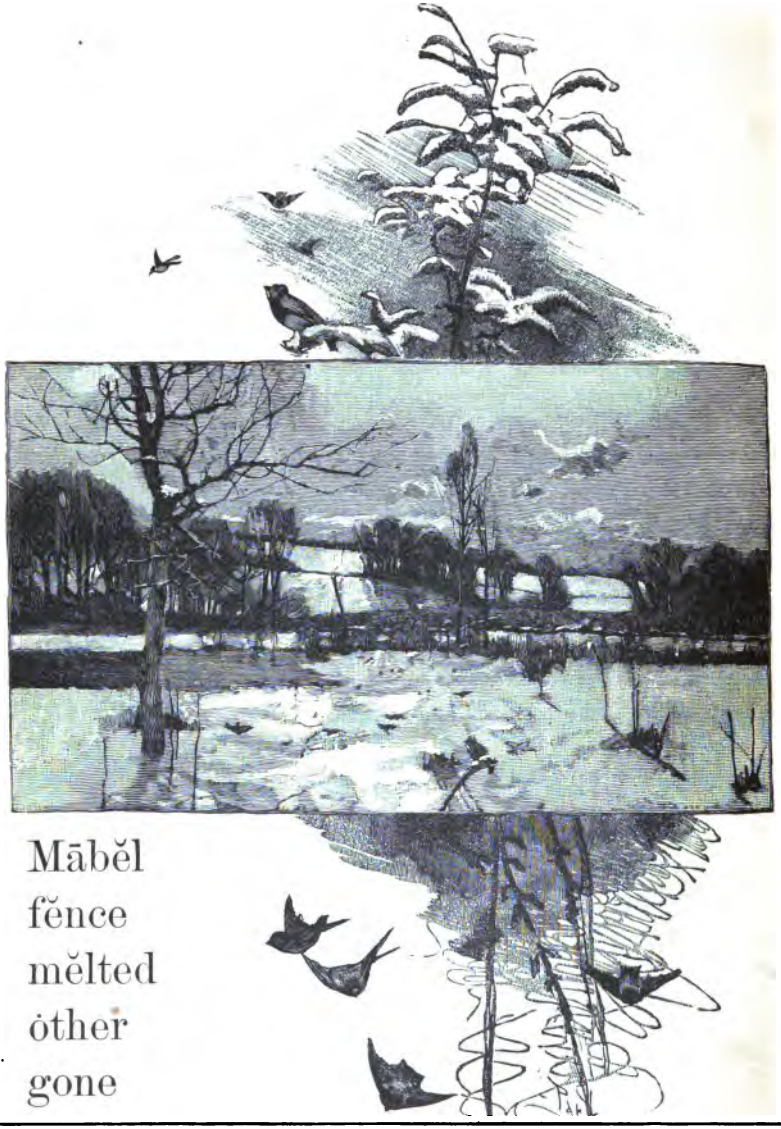
It could reach deep into the flowers.
The humming-bird eats honey.
It gets it from the flowers.
It is a very tiny bird.
It has a little nest of moss.
The nest holds two little eggs.
How tiny the baby birds must be.
Marion watched for the humming-bird every day.
One day she took one of her doll's cups.
She put some sugar and water into it.
Then she put it in the garden.
The humming-bird flew to the little cup.
It put its long bill into the cup.
How happy Marion was.
She had some sugar for it every day.

grāy	about	among
ōak	chēēks	härd

I am a gray squirrel.
My name is Bunny.
I live in the oak tree.
I ran among the trees all Summer.
I work hard in the Fall.

My oak tree is near a barn.
There is a kind horse in that barn.
He has corn to eat every day.
He lets me have some of his corn.
I fill my cheeks with it.
Then I take it to my nest.
I gather nuts for the Winter.
I take out the meats and put them away.
I sleep in the oak tree in the Winter.
Sometimes there comes a warm day.
Then I wake up.
I eat some of my nuts.
I run out into the sunshine.
Then I go back to sleep again.
Some day you may find my nest.
Please do not take my nuts away.
I shall want those nuts in the Winter.

Read Emerson's "The Mountain and the Squirrel."



Mābĕl
fĕnce
mĕlted
ȯther
gone

Mabel loves little birds.

The other day she went out to play in the snow.

"I will make some little birds of the snow," said she.

So she made five little birds of the snow.

She put them on the fence.

By and by she went into the house.

When she came out again, the birds were gone.

The hot sun had melted them.

Mabel was sorry not to find her birds.

Fred came out to play with her.

"Fred, my little snow birds are gone," she said.

"Look over in the field!" said Fred.

"There are five little snow birds."

Read Hawthorne's "Snow Image."

bĕrrĭes wāy bushes frīghten fụll

Why, Grace, did mamma say you could come?

Yes, she did. I want to pick berries too.

How did you find us?
Rover showed me the way.
Where is he now?
He ran into the woods.
He saw a little rabbit there.
Oh dear! He will frighten it.
Why didn't you call him away?
I did call, but he wouldn't come.
You have a good many berries.
Yes, we found some big bushes.
Kate found a dear little nest in one.
There are five little eggs in it.
Come, and we will show it to you.
We didn't pick berries on that bush.
It would frighten the mother bird.
Pick your berries now, Grace.
We are going home pretty soon.
I must get my cup full for mamma.
She shall have all my berries.

wạll hīde būreau sugar sŏrry cāge

A little mouse lived in our walls.
Every night he came out to play.
He would come out into Fannie's room.
He would run up on her bureau.
Fannie put sugar there for him.
She would hide the sugar.
The little mouse would find it.
One day Mamma saw him.
She said the kitty must catch him.
Fannie was very sorry.
She didn't wish the kitty to have him.
She told Papa about it.
He got a pretty little trap.
It was like a cage.
The little mouse could live in it.
Fannie put the trap on the bureau.
She put some sugar in it.
The little mouse ran into it.
Fannie had him for a pet.

prĕsents dŏctor hŏspĭtal clōthes

Such a happy Christmas as Elsie had!
She had such pretty presents.
Three big dolls were given to her.
"Well, Elsie," said Papa, "what shall you do with three dolls?"

"I shall play with them," said Elsie.
"Three dolls are not too many.
Wouldn't you like three little girls, Papa?"
Papa couldn't say "No" to that.
Elsie's Papa was a doctor.
He went to the hospital every day.
One day Elsie went to the hospital with him.
She saw two little girls there.
They had to stay in bed all the time.
Elsie was so sorry for them.
When she got home, she took her dolls.
She put the prettiest clothes on two of them.
Then she took them to Papa.
"May I give my dolls to the little girls?" she said.

"Yes, you may," said Papa.
Elsie took the dolls to the little girls.
See how happy they are.
Elsie was very happy, too.

pēople păckāge blŏssoms
morn˘ing-glōr˘ies pēēp sēēds

Helen is a dear little girl.
She loves to make people happy.
A poor old lady lives near her.

Helen goes to see her.
She says, "Good morning, Mrs. Gray.
Are you pretty well this morning?"
Poor Mrs. Gray smiles at her.
"Not very well," she says.
"But I love to see you."
One day Mrs. Gray gave a package to Helen.
It was a little package of seeds.
"Plant them under your window," she said.
"Before long the blossoms will come.
They will peep in at you.
I cannot come to say 'Good morning' to you.
The blossoms will say it for me."
Helen was so happy over the seeds.
She planted them under the window.
They grew very fast.

Very soon the blossoms came.
They were morning-glories.
Helen picked some for Mrs. Gray.
"I say 'Good morning' only once," she said.
"Your morning-glories say it many times."

---

crŭmbs līght learned

Helen wished the birds "Good morning" too.
They would sing it to her as soon as it was light.
She would get a basket of crumbs.
Then she would run to the window.
"Here, little birdies!" she would say.
"See what I have for you!"
Then they would fly to the window.

Helen would throw the crumbs to them.

"Here is some breakfast for you, little birds."

The birds learned to know Helen.

They would fly very near to her.

Some little birds do not go South.

Helen would feed them all Winter.

She learned the names of the birds.

"Good morning, robin!" she would say.

"And here is a catbird.

You make your nests up high.

I wish to see your eggs, robin.

They are such pretty blue eggs.

The bobolink makes his nest in the field.

I can look into his nest.

I go into the fields to see him.

He never comes to see me."

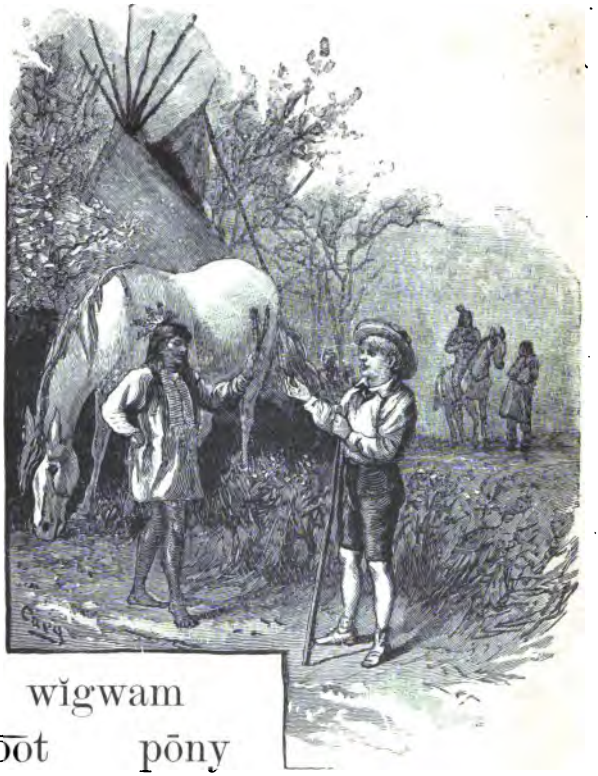
hăngĭng board

West Indian păppōōse squaw

Harry's father lived in the far West.

One day he took Harry to see some Indians.
One Indian woman had a baby.
An Indian woman is called a squaw.
An Indian baby is called a pappoose.
The pappoose was on a board.
It was hanging on a tree.
It looked at Harry with its bright eyes.
"How pretty it is!" said Harry.
The squaw let Harry hold it.
"My little pappoose," she said.
"I wish Mamma could see it," said Harry.
"May I take it home to her?"
"No! No! my little pappoose," said the squaw.
Harry gave it back to her.
She put it back on the tree.
What a funny place for a baby.

The wind can rock it.
The birds can sing to it.
Do you think your baby sister would like it?



wĭgwam

shōōt pōny

bōw ărrōws märbles skĭns

Harry saw an Indian boy.
He was taking care of a pony.
Harry began to talk with him.
He couldn't talk very well.
The Indian showed him his wigwam.
A wigwam is an Indian's house.
It is made of skins.
The boy let him go into the wigwam.
He gave him a bow and arrows.
Indians can shoot very well.
He showed Harry how to shoot an arrow.
Harry gave him some pretty marbles.
He showed him how to play with them.
The Indian put a marble on the tree.
He could shoot it off with his arrow.

Read "Hiawatha's Sailing" to the class.

rōw

lāke lēaves jŭmped lo̊vely rēach

Jack and Kitty live near the lake.

Jack has a pretty new row-boat.
He can row very well.
He took Mamma, Alice, and Kitty for a row.
They had such a pretty ride on the lake.
"Should you like some lilies?" said Jack.
"Oh, yes! we should," they said.
Jack rowed them to where the lilies were.
"You lovely white lilies!" said Alice.
"I must take you home with me."
She picked all she could reach.
Kitty had her lap full of them.
"How sweet they are!" she said.
"The leaves are pretty, too."
"They are lily pads," said Alice.
"Look on that lily pad."
There sat a tiny green frog.

fēēlers mouth
ûrchins wāves
rŏcks pōōl

sēa-mosses fĭshermăn wādĕd

Down in a little pool lived some star-fish.
The pool was in a large rock.
The long sea-mosses grew in it.
The pretty sea-urchins lived there.
They looked like thistle-buds.

Two little children played on the rocks.
Their father was a fisherman.
Their home was an old brown house.
They ran from the little waves.
They waded in the sea.
They loved to look into this pretty pool.
One day they saw a pretty star-fish.
The star-fish had five arms.
These arms would move.
There were little feelers on them.
These feelers helped it to move about.
The mouth was in the middle of the star-fish.
See the star-fish in the picture.
The lower one shows the feelers and the mouth.
The upper one shows the back of the star-fish.

yĕllōw ĕlm wēave sŏft sĭlk

I am making a nest in the pretty elm-tree.
Such a soft, cosey nest it is going to be.

I am looking for something to weave into it,
Of this bright, yellow silk I must have just a bit.
My nest is to hang, with the breezes to swing.
I shall sit on the elm-tree and gayly I'll sing.
Mother bird and the little ones sweetly shall sleep,
While I, o'er my dear ones, a close watch will keep.
Just watch for my nest, as you pass the elm-tree.
The soft, yellow silk you surely will see.
Then you'll know it is mine, though you may not see me.

Jĕssie pĭnk gănder caught
stĭck yärd through

Little Jessie had a new pink dress.
She and Harry were out at play.
An old gander was walking by the yard.

He saw the pink dress through the fence.
The old gander wanted that pink dress.
He put his head through the fence.
He caught the dress in his big bill.
Poor little Jessie was afraid.
"Oh, Harry, come!" she said.
"There is a big bird here.
He wants my new dress."
Harry got a big stick.
He said, "Let go, you bad bird!
You cannot have Jessie's dress."
The old gander let go of the dress.
He ran away from the yard.

"Goosey, Goosey, Gander!
Where do you wander?
Up stairs, down stairs,
In my lady's chamber."

bēach	bāthing	sănd	pīes
anȯther	burn	hŏt	sāil

Alice and Fannie are at the beach.
They are having such a good time.
They have been bathing in the sea.
Now they are playing with the sand.
Fannie has just been for some water.

She got it in her pail.
Alice has made two sand pies.
She is making another one now.
Put on your hat, Alice.
The hot sun will burn your face.
It will not hurt me.
I play in the sun all the time.
We are going for a sail by and by.
We are going to the light-house.
Papa has a big sail boat.
We have some pretty sea mosses.
We have a box of sea shells.
Fannie has a sea urchin.
I have a little starfish.
We are going to take them to the hospital.
Some little children are there.
Don't you think they will like to see them?

măttĕr	swĭmmĭng	scrătched
hătched	wĕb-fēēt	drowned

James put a duck's egg in the hen's nest.

A little duck hatched out with the chickens.
How funny the little duck looked!
The chickens ran about and scratched for worms.
The little duck could not scratch so well.
He had web-feet.
They were made for swimming.
He wanted some water to swim in.
One day Hattie found him.
She took him up in her hands.
"What is the matter, little duck?"
"Peep! Peep!" said the little duck.
"Do you wish to swim?" said Hattie.
"Peep! Peep! Yes, I do!"
"You shall have some water."
Hattie ran into the house.
She got some water in a pan.

She put the pan down in the grass.
The little duck ran to the pan.
He was so glad to get into the water.
The old hen said, "Cluck! cluck!
"You will be drowned, you bad duck."
The little chickens ran to the pan, too.
They would drink the water; but they didn't swim.
The hen was afraid they would fall in.
"Cluck! cluck!" she would say.
"Here is a nice fat worm."
Then the chickens would run to her.
The little duck would stay and swim.
He wished the chickens would swim too.
All swimming birds have web-feet.
Some birds wade in the water.
They have long legs.

Read "The Ugly Duckling."

SOMETHING TO GUESS.

âir guĕss fīre through tēase wĭndōw

See if you can guess who I am.
I come to see you in Winter.
I make pictures for you on the window.
I can fly through the air.
I ride on the North wind.
I fly away from the sunshine.
Why do the flowers like it?
I tease little boys and girls.
I bite their cheeks, and make them look pretty.
I make their eyes bright.
They run away from me.
Sometimes I cannot catch them.
Ha! ha! I love to see them dance.
Do you know my name now?
It is J—— F——.

called

cär trŭnks ĕngine sēa-shore

Here come the cars.
Charlie and Mamma are going to ride in them.
They are going to the sea-shore.
Charlie is so glad.
He likes to ride in the cars.
Look at the big engine.
How fast it comes!

Charlie is afraid it will not stop.
"Oh, yes, it will!" said Mamma.
"Will they put our trunk on?" said Charlie.
"Yes, there is a car for the trunks."
The engine stops and lets them get on.
Then away they go.
"Oh, Mamma!" said Charlie, "this is such fun!"

SOMETHING TO ANSWER.

Were you ever in the cars?
Where did you go?
How long did you ride?
What did you see?
What is the car for the trunks called?
What is the car for the people called?

To be read silently, and answered.

pärlor	plāces	rĭver	jŭst
stŏp	thōse	hănds	fĭrst

Here are Charlie and his Mamma in the cars.

What a pretty car this is!

It is a parlor car.

Charlie likes to look out of the window.

"How many pretty places there are!"
he says.
Now he sees a river.
"Mamma, see those little boys.
They have a boat.
Oh dear! we have gone by them.
I wish the cars would stop here.
I saw some lovely flowers.
There are some horses.
Just see how they run.
Are they afraid of the engine?
Look at those little children, Mamma.
See them wave their hands to me."
"Did you wave to them, Charlie?"
"Oh, yes! I waved my hand first.
Will there be any children at the
sea-shore, Mamma?"
"Yes, I think there will be some.
You shall play on the beach with them."

pŏp-côrn kĕrnĕls fĭlled dȧnced
chāins flākes blŏssomed

How fast it was snowing.
The children watched the big flakes.
"They look like feathers!" said Jessie.
"They look like pop-corn!" said Hal.
"Oh! Oh! let's pop some corn!" said Elsie.
They ran to ask Mamma.
"May we pop some corn, Mamma?" they said.
"Yes, you may," said Mamma
The children danced for joy.
The yellow kernels danced too.

They popped out of their yellow coats.
They blossomed out like snow.
The children filled a big pan with the pretty kernels.
They made long chains of them.
"Open your mouth, Grace," said Elsie.
"Play you are a little chicken.
I will feed you."
By and by Mamma came in.
She made them some pop-corn balls.
"These are the best of all!" said the children.
Mamma always knows what is best.

Snow-flakes and pop-corn dance about.
The corn in the house, and the snow without.
The wind peeps in at the children gay,
Blow, wind, but you can't blow our flakes away.

country wĭnd blōw
lănterns fairy shīne

Hal was out in the country.
One night he saw some lights in the grass.
They looked like tiny stars.
He ran into the field to see them.
"I must have one!" he said.
The stars did not stand still.
They did not shine all the time.
"Where do you go?" said Hal.
"Does the wind blow you out?
I think you are fairy lanterns.

The fairies will not let me catch you.
I must go in and ask Mamma about you."
Then he ran into the house.
He asked his Mamma to come into the field.
"The field is full of tiny stars, Mamma.
They do not shine all of the time.
Please come and tell me about them."
"They are fireflies, Hal," said Mamma.
"I will try to catch one for you."
She caught one and put it on Hal's hand.
"Where are its wings?" said Hal.
"This is the mother firefly," said Mamma.
"Its wings are very small.
It cannot fly very fast.
Watch the light come and go."

mĕlt
clōse

rōōts
pŏckĕt
stĭll
Sprĭng

The pretty brook is very still now.
It does not sing to me.
Winter has put it to sleep.
The flowers are fast asleep, too.

By and by the Spring will come.
Then the brook will awake.
It will sing its pretty song.
The flowers are under the snow.
The snow keeps the roots warm.
The Spring sun will melt the snow.
Then the flowers will wake, too.
The violets love the brook.
They live very close to it.
I love the pretty brook, too.
If I were a flower, I would live near it.
Why, you poor little birds!
What are you doing here?
You must be little snow-birds.
Do you wish the brook to wake?
Grandma put a cake in my pocket.
You shall have it, little birds.

Read Tennyson's "The Brook."

dew sŭnbēams nothing slīde
rīpe toŭch fr̤uit

I am a sunshine fairy.
My name is Ray.
My home is in the sun.
I slide down on the sunbeams.
The flowers awake when I touch them.
The tiny leaves spring out to meet me.
I wake the birds the first of all.
Their home is in the tree-tops.
They see me, and begin to sing.
I open the lilies on the lake.
I bring the lily buds up from the water.
The seeds send up their little plants at my touch.
I kiss the fruit, and make it ripe and sweet.
I drink the morning dew.
I carry water to the clouds.
Some days the rain fairies come.
Then you do not see me.

You need the rain fairies.
They water the pretty flowers.
Nothing could grow without them.
You must love them, too.
You can all be sunshine fairies.
Be happy and good.
Then you will make sunshine in your homes.

Rain fairies playing on my garden bed,
Each little floweret raises up its head.

Holds up its cup to catch the raindrops bright,
Drinks in the freshness, and reaches for the light.

Sun fairies smile and bring the blossoms gay;
Now, little rain fairies, you must fly away.

Fly to your cloud home, far up in the sky:
Welcome, little sun fairies; rain fairies, good-bye.

därk	dŭll	colors	across
ŏrange	path	drŏps	ĭndĭgō

Sometimes the rain fairies meet the sun fairies.

What a happy time they have!

They are no longer dark and dull.

They shine and are bright with colors.

Some are red, some orange, and some yellow.

Others are green, blue, indigo, or violet.

They make a bright path across the sky.

This path is called a rainbow.

It is made by the sun on the raindrops.

Each raindrop helps to make it.

The clouds alone are dull and dark.

The sunlight makes them bright and beautiful.

bŭtton	căndy	to͝ok
buy	other	stre͞et

What do you think our baby did?
There is an old man who sells candy.
One day we took baby there.
We let her buy some candy.
She gave her penny to the old man.
He gave her some candy.
The other day we found her in the street.

She had on her little cap and coat.
She had her baby doll in one hand.
"Why, baby! where are you going?"
I said.
"Get candy!" said the baby.
"But why do you take the dolly?"
"Dolly want candy, too."
"You can't get candy, dear;
You haven't any penny."
"Yes! yes! see my penny!"
What do you think she had?
It was a big button.
She was going to buy candy with it.
Wasn't she a funny baby?
Could she buy candy with a button?
I think the old man would have given her some.
He is a very kind old man.

lēarn
cōōk
tēach
cănd̆les

fôrty ūsed bēsīde

"I wish Anna would learn to cook," said Papa.

"Oh, please teach me, Mamma," said Anna.

"Some time you may learn," said Mamma.

"I haven't time to teach you now."

Anna went to see Grandma.

"Grandma, will you teach me to cook?" she said.

"Yes, dear," said Grandma;

"You may cook a little to-day."

"Oh, thank you!" said Anna.

"It will please Papa to have me learn."

"His birthday comes very soon," said Grandma.

"You shall make him a birthday cake. I used to make them when he was a little boy."

"Did you put candles on it, Grandma?"

"I used to; but it would take forty now."

"Oh, dear," said Anna, "I couldn't get forty candles."

Anna did her best to learn.
By and by the birthday came.
Anna made the birthday cake.
She took it home to Papa.
She put it beside his plate.
"Well! what is this?" said Papa.
"A birthday cake for you."
"Who made me a birthday cake?"
"I did," said Anna; "Grandma told me how."
"What! you made this pretty cake!
What a dear little girl you are!
I haven't had a birthday cake for a long time."
"I wish I could put forty candles on it," said Anna.
"It is all right, my little girl," said Papa.
"The cake is too small for so many.
I am very much pleased with it."

SOMETHING TO GUESS.

gĭlls brēathe tădpōle

I swim in the water.
I am not a fish.
I have two web-feet.
I am not a duck.
I sleep all Winter in a hole.
I am not a squirrel.
I hop about in the grass.
I am not a rabbit.
I have a little song of my own.
I am not a bird.
At first I am a tadpole.
I swim and breathe as a fish does.
I have gills to breathe with.
By and by I have four little legs.
I lose my gills and tail.
I come out of the water.
I hop about in the fields.

fŏnd clōver Aunt calf
bŭtter Ŭncle crēam

Edith was very fond of Molly.
Molly was Aunt Annie's cow.
She was a very kind cow.
She would let Edith pat her.

Edith would pick clover for her to eat.
She liked to see John milk her.
He would carry the pail into the house.
Then Edith would drink the fresh milk.
She put some cream on her berries.
She put the sweet butter on her bread.
"Molly gives me so much," she said.
Edith went to see Aunt Annie the next summer.
She was glad to be in the country.
"How good Molly's milk is!" she said.
"Molly has something to show you," said Uncle.
He took her out to the fields.
There was a pretty little calf.
"Oh, you dear little calf!" said Edith.
Edith gave the calf some clover.
It would eat from her hand.
The calf grew very fond of Edith.

stôre cĕnts perhăps front
cärt Dāisy almōst

Daisy was going to the store to buy candy.

Papa had given her ten cents.

"I can buy candy for us all with ten cents," she said.

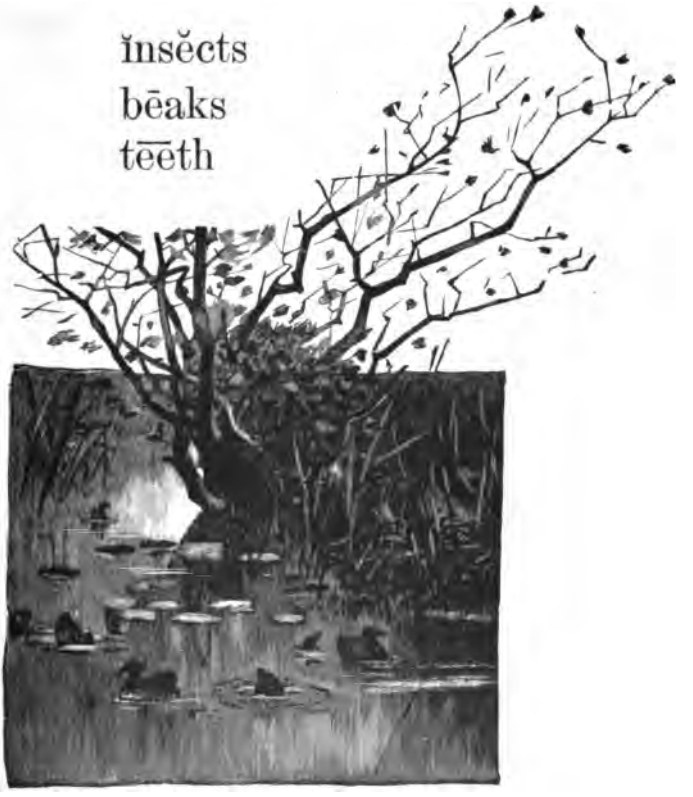
I wish Marion could have some.
She has been sick so long.
Perhaps I shall see something for her, too.
There was a cart in front of the store.
There were plants in the cart.
"Buy a plant, little girl," said the man.
"Here is a fine one for ten cents."
"Marion would like a plant," said Daisy.
"She could watch it grow.
I think I will buy one for her.
Please give me one with some buds on it.
I wish to give it to a little sick girl."
She took the plant and ran to see Marion.
"See what I have brought to you," she said.

"Oh, how pretty it is! Thank you, Grace.
I shall love to watch it grow.
See the picture books Harry brought to me."
"Yes, he told me he had them for you.
Are you better? We want you to be well."
"Yes; I hope to be well soon.
I am going to ride to-morrow with the Doctor.
Everybody has been so good to me,
I am almost glad to have been sick."

Do you know any sick people?
Can you make them happy?
Could you carry them some flowers?
It will make you happy if you do.

quīet
mŭd
fo͞od

ĭnsĕcts
bēaks
te͞eth



Mrs. Duck gave a party.
It was the first one of the Summer.
All the ducks in the barn-yard were there.
They had a swim up the river.

They found a quiet place.
"We will have our lunch here," said Mrs. Duck.
"There are many insects here.
This is a good place to find food."
Down into the mud she went, head first.
Down into the mud the other ducks went, too.
Then they would come up again.
Ducks have large flat beaks.
They fill these beaks with mud.
There are insects in the mud.
There are little teeth at the side of the duck's beak.
These keep the food in, but let the muddy water run out.
What a fine time the ducks had.
Some old frogs sat on the lily pads.

They watched the ducks swim about.
"What funny things ducks are," they said.
"How do you do, Mrs. Duck?" said one.
"Do you live in the water all of the time?"
"No, indeed," said Mrs. Duck.
"Our home is up at the farm.
We have a house like people."
"Well! well! why do they make a house for you?
They never make a house for us."
"We lay eggs for them," said Mrs. Duck.
"So do we lay eggs," said the frog.
"You lay your eggs in the water.
People do not care for them.
Our eggs are large and good to eat."

mīght	cĭty	färmer	skĭm
rāke	hāy	drīve	wonderful

James and Mary were poor children.
They had never seen the country.
They lived in a Home in the city.

They used to wish that they might go into the country.
Mr. Hill was a farmer who had a pleasant home.
He wished some little children could be there.
He sent to some people in the city.
He told them to send him two poor children.
They sent Jimmie and Mary.
How happy the children were!
They ran about in the fields.
They picked berries and flowers.
They could help Mr. and Mrs. Hill in many ways.
Jimmie learned to milk the cows.
Mary learned to skim the cream.
Jimmie could rake the hay.
Mary could rake the hay, too.

The children used to ride on the hay-cart.

Mr. Hill let them drive the horse.

They loved to go for a drive.

They would see so many wonderful things.

"What a beautiful world this is!" they said.

"We never knew it was so wonderful before."

They are not going back to the Home.

"We cannot let them go," said Mr. Hill.

"They shall stay and live with us."

Jimmie and Mary are very happy.

"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world!
With the beautiful water round you curled
And the wonderful grass upon your breast.
World, you are beautifully dressed."

— *Open Sesame.*

thought
dĕad
strange

hōmely
sprĕad
flew

Freddie's Mamma had told him about the butterflies.
He wanted to watch one himself.
One day he found a caterpillar in the garden.
He took it on a leaf to Mamma.
She gave him a little box to keep it in.
Freddie gave it fresh leaves every day.
By and by the caterpillar stopped eating.
Freddie thought it would die.
Mamma said, "No, Freddie, it is going to sleep.
When it wakes it will be a butterfly."
The caterpillar rolled itself into a ball.
It had a thick white covering.
It hung from one side of the box.
"It is dead, Mamma!" said Freddie.

"It does not move nor eat."
"It is not dead," said Mamma.
One day Freddie went to the box.
He saw a strange looking insect.
Its wings were not pretty and bright.
He called Mamma to see it.
"It is your butterfly," said Mamma.
"How strange and homely it is," said Freddie.
"I thought it would be a pretty butterfly."
Soon it began to move and spread out its wings.
The colors grew bright.
"Oh, how beautiful!" said Freddie.
It spread its wings and flew to the window.
Freddie opened the window and let it fly away.

"You see it was not dead," said Mamma.
"The butterfly was there all the time.
It was like my lily.
I put the homely bulb into the ground.
A beautiful lily has come from it now."

A CHILD TO A ROSE.

Did it feel like dying,
When first your blossoms fell?
Did you know about the spring,
Did the daisies tell?
If you had no notion,
Only fear and doubt,
How I should have liked to see
When you found it out!
Such a beautiful surprise,
What must you have felt,
When your heart began to stir,
As the sun began to melt!

— *Open Sesame.*

[To be Read by the Teacher.]

wrīte	lĕtter	pĕns
dĭsh	quĭll	spĭlled

Mamma, Elsie, and baby went to visit Grandpa.

Poor Papa could not go.

He had to stay at the store.

"What shall I do without you?" said he.

"I will write you a letter," said Elsie. "I will tell you what we are doing."

"Can you write a letter?" said Papa.
"Oh! yes, I can," said Elsie.
"I am seven years old.
You shall see that I can write a letter."
Elsie had such a good time!
One day she said, "Grandma, may I take a pen?
I wish to write to Papa."
"Yes," said Grandma, "there are some pens on the desk."
Elsie ran to Grandpa's desk.
"Oh, Grandma! here is such a funny pen."
"That is a quill pen," said Grandma.
"Grandpa made it for me.
It is made of a goose feather.
Every one used to write with quill pens."
"I think it is pretty," said Elsie.
"I don't think I will write with it."

She took a pen and went away by herself.
By and by she went back to the desk.
What did she see there?
Baby had taken the quill pen.
She had been writing to Papa, too.
Such a letter as she had written!
She had spilled the ink upon the desk.
"Oh, baby! baby! why did you do so?"
Mamma sent her letter to Papa, too.
He said he was glad to get both letters.

"I am old — so old I can write a letter,
My birthday lessons are done.
The lambs play always — they know no better;
They are only one times one."

ELSIE'S LETTER TO PAPA.

Hillside, July 8th, 1892.

My Dear Papa,

We are having a very good time here. Grandpa has a big gray horse. Sometimes he puts me on its back. It is such fun! I play out in the fields. Grandpa lets me ride on the hay. I pick berries for Grandma. We have cream on our berries. I wish you were here with us. Baby has written you a letter. She took Grandma's quill pen, and she spilled the ink. Can you read her letter? She says it is, "How do, Papa? I love you."

Your loving little girl,

Elsie.

nēar wôre āprȯn wôrn another

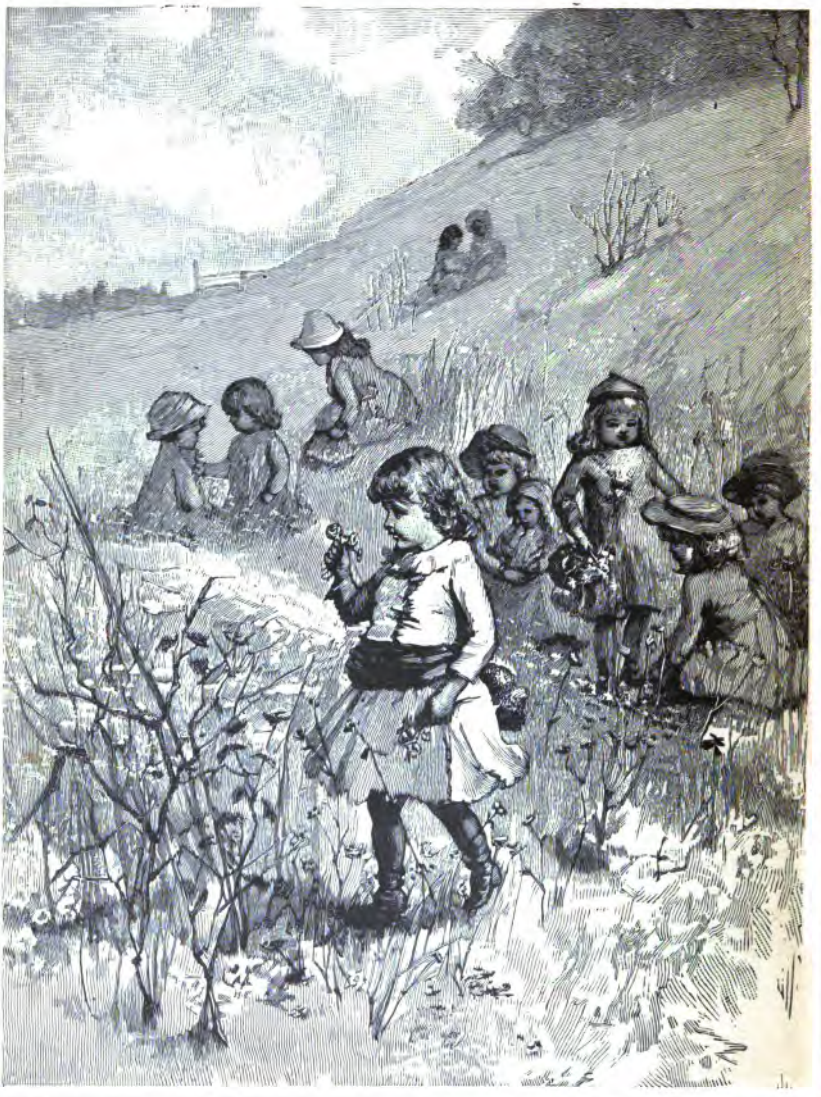
A poor little girl went to school with Elsie.

Her dress was very old.

Her Mamma could not buy her a pretty dress.
Elsie had a new white apron.
She wore it to school one day.
Poor little May looked at her.
She wished she had a pretty apron.
When Elsie came home, she went to Mamma.
She said, "Mamma, may I give May my apron?
Her dress is very old and poor, now.
She is a dear little girl.
Please to let me give her my apron."
Her Mamma said, "Yes, if you wish to;
I cannot make you another one."
Elsie asked May to come home with her.
She gave her the white apron.

Elsie's Mamma put it on her.
Little May was very happy.
"Thank you, Elsie," she said.
"It will hide my old dress.
I never had so pretty an apron."
May wore the apron to school.
Elsie loved to see her wear it.
"I could not see it as well when I wore it," she said.
"Now I can look at it as much as I please."
She was never sorry that she gave it to May.

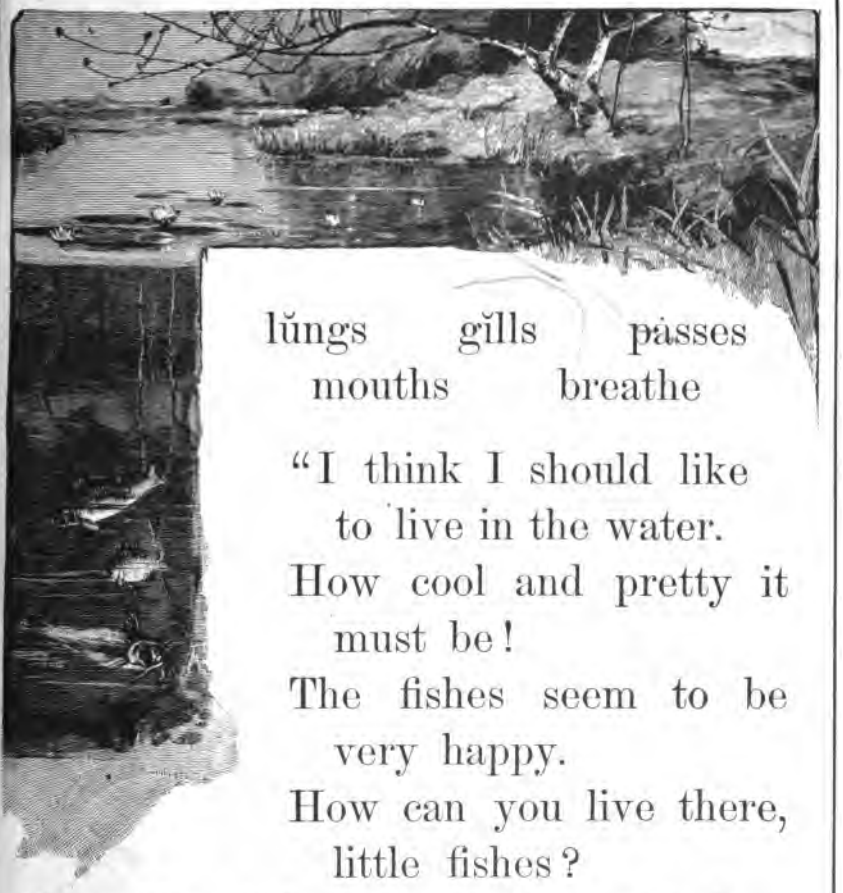
"Little things
On little wings
Bear little souls to Heaven."



Jūne	ēach	wăgŏn
ŭndēr	drōve	chāin

Daisy's birthday comes in June.
The field daisies come then, too.
Daisy calls them her flowers.
"May I have a birthday party, Mamma?" said Daisy.
"You shall have a 'daisy party,'" said Mamma.
"The children shall play in the daisy field.
They shall each have a daisy chain."
Ten children came to the party.
Daisy's papa put them into the big wagon.
He drove over to the daisy fields.
Daisy looked like one of the flowers.
Her dress was white and her hair was yellow.

All the children were very happy.
They picked as many daisies as they could carry.
Mamma gave them some ice-cream and cake.
They ate it under the trees.
The little birds looked down upon them.
"We shall have a party when they go," they said.
"See all the crumbs they are making.
Let us sing to them now."
A red squirrel was looking at the children.
He was up in an oak tree.
Daisy saw him watching them.
"See that dear little squirrel," she said.
"He has come to my party.
Here is a little cake for him."



lŭngs gĭlls pàsses
mouths breathe

"I think I should like
to live in the water.
How cool and pretty it
must be!
The fishes seem to be
very happy.
How can you live there,
little fishes?
I could not breathe in the water."
"You have lungs, little girl.
You breathe with your lungs.

We breathe with our gills.
The gills are on each side of our heads.
There is some air in water.
We take the water into our mouths.
The water passes over our gills.
We breathe in this way.
We die when we are taken from the water.
We cannot take so much air
I am sorry for you, little girl.
I wish you could live in the water.
There are many beautiful things to see."
"I am glad to be a little girl.
I know it is beautiful in the water.
I love to look down into the brooks.
I love to look up at the hills and the sky.
All the world is very wonderful."

together	fôrm	rĭll
sīde	flōw	hĕavў

A rain drop is very small.
What good can the tiny thing do?
The rain drops come together.
They form a cloud.
By and by the clouds grow very heavy.

The rain begins to fall.
It falls upon the hills.
It forms a little rill.

The little rills run together.
They form a pretty brook.
The brooks run down the hillside.
They water the fields and the woods.
They flow into the rivers.
The rivers flow into the sea.

You are a very little boy or girl.
Can you do any good?
You can be bright and happy.
You can mind Mamma and Papa.
You can be kind to brother and sister.
That will help make the world better.

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above."

shĭvēr cŏvēr rōōts slĕpt through

"We are very cold," said the violets.
"The wind makes us shiver."
"We will cover you over," said the trees.
They threw down some red and yellow leaves.
"Let us go to sleep," said the violets.
"All the little plants are going to sleep."
By and by the white snow came.
It covered all the plants in the wood.
It kept their little roots warm.
The plants slept through the Winter.
By and by the Spring came.
"We must awake," said the plants.
"You go first, little May flower."
So the May flower peeped out first.
"The robins have come back," she said.
"We will come too," said the violets.

L.W.Frees

ŭgly	spīder	spĭnning	wĕb
côrd	fȧstens	whēēl	kĭll

"Do you see that ugly spider?" said Edith.
"Please come here and kill it, Mamma."
"No, Edith," said Mamma, "let us watch the spider.
I think she is making her web.
She is spinning a cord now.
See her fasten it upon the window.
She carries it, and fastens it below.
She goes back again to make it strong.
Now she spins other cords across.
The web begins to look like a wheel.
Watch her carry the thread around these cords.
Now her web is done.
She will sit in the middle of it.
Some insect will fly into the web."

māple săp pīne syrup boiled

Farmer Hill came into the woods one day.
He hung pails upon the maple trees.
He made little holes so that the sap might run out.
He hung no pails upon the pine trees.
"Why should you have pails?" they said to the maples.
"We are green all winter.
You have no leaves or blossoms.
Why should people give pails to you?"
"We have sweet sap," said the maples.

"It is beginning to creep up into our buds.
This sap can be made into sugar.
We can give some of it away.
The sap is taken to the sugar house.
It is boiled until it is syrup.
The syrup is boiled until it is sugar.
The children like to eat the maple sugar.
We love to give it to them.
We can make our leaves by and by."
"They may have some of our sap," said the pine trees.
We wish to make the children happy."
"They cannot make sugar of your sap.
You make the children glad at Christmas time.
They take you home and put candles upon you.
They cover you with beautiful things."

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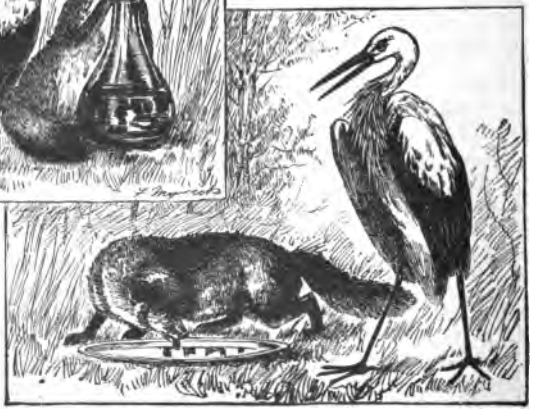

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